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OBEDIENT TO THE VISION BE!

O thou in lonely vigil led
To follow Truth's new-risen star
Ere yet her morning skies are red,
And vale and upland shadowed are;

Gird up thy loins and take thy road,
Obedient to the vision be;
Trust not in numbers; God is God,
And one with him majority!

Soon pass the judgments of the hour,
Forgotten are the scorn and blame;
The World moves on, a gladdening power,
And safe enshrines the prophet's fame.

Now, as of old, in lowly plight
The Christ of larger faith is born:
The watching shepherds come by night,
And then, the kings of earth at morn!

—Frederick Lucian Hosmer.

THE PACIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

THE PERSON A RETURNED SOLDIER HAS MISSED.

In his book entitled "The Glory of the Trenches," Coningsby Dawson, who went to the front with the Canadian Field Artillery, says:

"There's one person I've missed since my return to New York. I've caught glimpses of him disappearing around corners, but he dodges. I think he's a bit ashamed to meet me. That person is my old civilian self. What a full-blown egoist he used to be! How full of golden plans for his own advancement! How terrified of failure, of disease, of money losses, of death—of all the temporary, external, nonessential things that have nothing to do with the spirit! War is in itself damnable—a profligate misuse of the accumulated brain-stuff of centuries. Nevertheless, there's many a man who has no love of war, who previous to the war had cramped his soul with littleness and was chased by the bayonet of duty into the blood-stained largeness of the trenches, who has learned to say, 'Thank God for this war!' He thanks God not because of the carnage, but because when the winepress of new ideals was being trodden he was born in an age when he could do his share."

Lieutenant Dawson goes on then to remark:

"America's going through just about the same experience as myself. She's feeling broader in the chest, bigger in the heart, and her eyes are clearer. When she catches sight of the America that she was she's filled with doubt. She can't believe that that person with the Stars and Stripes wrapped around her and a money-bag in either hand ever was herself. Home, clean and honorable for every man who ever loved her and has pledged ed his life for an ideal with the Allies—that's what she's become now."

YOU ARE NO LONGER YOU.

Bravery is held by this man from the trenches to be a point of view, and not a quality. "You are not you, but a part of a company of men. If you don't do your duty you throw the whole machine out. The close interdependence of service on service, division on division, follows right down through the army until it reaches the individual, so that each man feels that the day will be his life for an ideal with the Allies—that's what she's lost if he fails." So writes Coningsby Dawson in "The Glory of the Trenches." As to fear he writes:

"This first experience in No Man's Land did away with my last flabby fear—that, if I was afraid, I would show it. One is often afraid. Any soldier who asserts the contrary may not be a liar, but he certainly does not speak the truth. Physical fear is too deeply rooted to be overcome by any amount of training; it remains, then, to train a man in spiritual pride so that when he fears nobody knows it. Cowardice is contagious. * * * Military courage is, therefore, a form of unselfishness; it is practiced that it may save weaker men's lives and uphold their honor. * * * The capacity of heroism is latent in everybody, and only awaits the bigness of the opportunity to call it out. * * * The exact day when a man dies does not matter—tomorrow or fifty years hence. The vital concern is not when, but how."

Emphasis is laid by Lieutenant Dawson on what he calls the perfectly ordinary and normal qualities and condition of the men at the front in general, wherever they are and whatever they are doing. But there is a sense in which they are not what they were aforetime.

"Before the war they were shop assistants, cab drivers, plumbers, lawyers, vaudeville artists. They were men of no heroic training. Their civilian callings and their previous social status were too various for any one to suppose that they were heroes ready-made at birth. Something has happened to them since they marched away in khaki—something that has changed them."

Mr. Dawson tells of experiences which changed boys of 20 into men of 40 in less than that number of hours; "but it was to purify and sanctify them in the process."

Another American who went out in the Tenth Canadian Battalion writes "The army is one of the greatest teachers of all time. Its lessons may be costly, but they are of great value."

We wonder whether the men at home are aware generally of the fact that the boys who have gone to the front and who are yet to go are coming back marvelously changed.

One of the great truths of deep and lasting impress will be that of human solidarity. Let us repeat: "You are not you, but a part of a company of men. If you don't do your duty, you throw the whole machine out." Imbedded herein is the principle that will be operative after the war as never before in individual life and national life, in business, in industry, in all the relations of man to man. The world moves on to a day when human life will be controlled by it. It was just a little differently expressed long ago by the Apostle Paul, "You are not your own."

THE WAY A SOLDIER THINKS OF GOD.

"When we think of God we think of Him in just about the same way that a Tommy in the front line thinks of Sir Douglas Haig,' writes Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson in one of the chapters of his most recent book. "Heaven is a kind of general headquarters. All that Tommy in the front line knows of an offensive is that orders have reached him that at zero hour he will climb out of his trench and go over the top. He doesn't say, 'I don't know whether I will climb out. I never saw Sir Douglas Haig. There maynt be any such person. I want to have a chat with him first. If I agree with him, after that I may go over the top—and then again I may not.' Instead he believes that if he and Sir Douglas Haig were to change places Sir Douglas Haig would be quite as

willing to sacrifice himself. That's the way every officer and every Tommy learns to think of God, as a commander-in-chief whom he has never seen but whose orders he blindly carries out. The religion of the trenches," concludes Lieut. Dawson, "is 'I've tried to do my bit as best I know how. I guess God knows it. If I go west today He'll remember that I played the game.' "

Lieutenant Dawson expresses the conviction that too much emphasis has been laid on the sordidness and misery of the war; that while wind and cold and wounds and death appear paramount to the civilian, to the soldier they are almost trivial. "You learn to feel that there is only one thing that counts in life. * * * * the spirit you have developed in encountering its difficulties. Your body is nothing, it can be smashed in a minute. How frail it is you never realize until you have seen men smashed * * * * we have seen whole populations of cities go over the top and vanish. * * * * We should go mad if we did not believe in immortality. * * * * How better can a man shake off his flesh than at the hour when the spirit is most shining?"

WHAT THE WAR IS SAYING TO MEN'S SOULS.

Several months ago The Pacific quoted from some articles by Chaplain Dancey in the Northwestern Christian Advocate some interesting experiences on the battle front in France. He is writing again, under the caption of "What the War is Saying to Men's Souls." Part of a recent article links up with what we have been setting forth in the two or three preceding articles, and we accordingly quote it as follows:

"The soldier of democracy, even though not religious, of course finds great comfort in the reflection that he is engaged in a cause for which one may gladly sacrifice his life if need be. No matter how selfish he may be, he has learned that there is no mental peace for him while he thinks only of himself. He has discovered that he is most at ease when employed with his military duty and in rendering assistance to his comrades. He also finds it strengthens him to think of what the army is going to do after the present action is over, and to work toward those plans, for the army will go no matter who fails. All this is in the nature of stimulus to thought. But it does not go beyond a certain point. Beyond this definite limit, this type of soldier depends upon various devices that induce a state of mental insensibility. He does not try to think out his probable state after death. He tries to render himself impervious to the suggestion that death is possible. He does not question about immortality. He tries to forget that this life has an end to it. He does not seek to know the peace of God in his heart. He tries to render himself insensible to any need of God.

"The soldier with a religious mind, on the other hand, because he believes in God and because he realizes that God cannot be found without going directly to the heart of things, seeks assurance by attempting to place before his mind the full meaning of his situation.

"It is sure to be remarked that Christian men sometimes prove less cheerful under hardship and less calm in danger than men who owe nothing to religious inspirations. It seems to me very easy to account for this fact. In these cases the irreligious man applies his method in a very incomplete way. Some undeveloped religious persons, because of small knowledge and meager experience, raise more questions than they can answer. They may ask themselves whether they can trust God, how they are to lay hold upon him, without finding answers to these or other inquirers. The result is uncertainty, confusion, wavering. Even so the religious consolation may be very considerable.

"The religious soldier will probably find himself working through by stages to a state of mind that really affords assurance. I think in the end all who follow the matter through will come out at about the same place. The stages of this progress will vary with individuals.

"No doubt devout and believing communicants of the sacerdotal Churches get comfort out of the knowledge that the sacraments of their Church have been administered to them as a preparation for possible death. There is a real comfort here, but I see no reason for supposing that this brings a satisfactory assurance in itself. However well they may feel the afterdeath needs are provided for, there is still an undiminished dread of pain and love of life.

"Comfort will also be found in a pantheistic contemplation of God of the sort that may be or of that which may not be Christian. One may think of God as him in whom we live and move and have our being. Nature may be contemplated as his expression. The cold, deep sea so repulsive to the flesh, may be thought of as his bosom, warm and comfortable to the soul as a mother's breast is to her infant. The promises of God's nearness to us through Jesus Christ may be recalled and dwelt upon. One may reassure himself that the Triune God is redeeming his promise spoken through the lips of the Son, 'Lo, I am with you always.' Yet I think one may do all this and not receive the peace which the world cannot give and which it cannot take away. This comes and abides only when one is able to relate the bit of work he is doing to the outworking of God's eternal program for the redemption of the world.

"It dawns upon his soul when he realizes that in his work and in the spirit in which he is doing it, he is being offered up, if need be, to be nailed with Jesus to the Cross, to die, there to purchase redemption for mankind. When one thus feels himself identified with the battling saints of God, united with them in aim and effort, he feels a great load of responsibility for his own personal safety roll off of him. I have seen this point of view placed before large audiences of fighting men and have heard them burst spontaneously into thunderous applause when at the climax the words of Paul were quoted, "The suffering of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us," and they have marched out of the hall holding their heads high and with a new light shining in their eyes. The entering into this point of view, it may be said, requires a general as well as a specifically religious preparation. One must know history as well as the Bible."

AN EASTER MESSAGE WHICH IS ALSO AN AFTER-EASTER MESSAGE.

The calendar of Plymouth Church, Oakland, carried last Sunday an Easter message from the pastor, Dr. Charles L. Kloss, which has not lost its value simply because Easter Day, 1918, is now of the past. We send it out here for wider reading and for the comforting and strengthening that will be needed in the days yet to come:

"The Passion week through which the world has just passed is the darkest in history—and the most glorious. Day and night giant shells have ripped up the fair earth to make graves for the choicest sons of men.

"The rain of deadly missiles has been ceaseless, the slaughter incredible. The world has been sick with horror and suspense.

"Yet, just as Gethsemane and Calvary presaged the victory of resurrection, just as Black Friday gave way to the splendid sunburst of Easter so truly these millions will not have died in vain. The piled up sins of caste, unbrotherliness, autocracy, lust and frightfulness will be remitted by the blood of the slain. This Easter is the greatest the world has ever known—great because of results already apparent, greater as prophecy. The Big Easter is in sight.

"This is the time to sing paens that our common humanity through its bath of blood is revealed in such God-like stature. This is the time to strip us wholly of materialism and superficial nothings and to resolve that the heroes of the Marne, Gallipoli and Cambrai have not died in vain. The resurrection of America is assured and the dedication of all its imperial resources to the realization of Christian democracy, justice, truth and liberty. Everyway is Life.—Triumphant Life."

THE WAR AND THE FUTURE FROM THE VIEW POINT OF AN EMINENT BRITON.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, an eminent British writer, Editor of the English Review, one of England's great journals, said some things in a recent number of the Fortnightly Review, which deserve more than passing notice.

It is significant that a part of the first two paragraphs from Mr. Harrison's article, which paragraphs we quote here, were quoted by Ralph Barton Perry of Harvard Univesity in his address on "What Is Democracy?" given at the Semi-Centenary of the University of California and with endorsement at least in part.

Mr. Harrison said in the Fortnightly Review article: "At the opening of the great European War, Democracy was appealed to, and nobly it answered the call in the name of the Nation But now in this fourth year if the war, we see all over Europe how democratic patriotism is expanding into the New Industrial Order which dreamers for two generations have imagined as the Social Revolution.

"The dominant, urgent fact which stares us in the face in a supreme hour of strife is this: The war of Nations is being entangled with, is merging into, the war of class; above sovereignty, ranks upper and lower Orders; but essentially, between those who hold capital and those who work with their hands. National wars, as we see, unite men in nations. Class wars suppress the spirit of nationality, for they herald what Socialists promise as the grander form of Patriotism—the brotherhood of the laborers."

What is the moral to be drawn from all this? Harrison asks. And his answer is: "It is that behind this enormous war, there is coming over civilization a change even more enormous, and much more lasting in time. When fighting has ceased—and I cannot feel sure that it will cease either soon or in any complete, definitive, mutually agreed way—there will be a wholly new Social Order, as different perhaps from ours, as when a Catholic and Feudal Order superseded that of Polythesism, slavery art, and luxury. There will be no special ruling class, no select educated class, no idle class."

"The United Kingdom has been heaving with change for at least one generation, and its spasms were not unconnected with this war. Our royal, loyal indefatigable George, alas! is not all that a George was to a Chatham and a Pitt —however march be surpasses his ancestors in even public and private gift.

"In the crash of Tsardom and the rumblings everywhere of social order, monarchy, with all its undoubted good, has the underserved weakness of being the symbol of what is antique and established. And yet the whole horizon blazes with new, unexpected, mysterious lights and clouds. France and America have no cleavage of kingdams, have no kingdom at all. For generations each Frenchman, each American, has felt in his bones that he and his fellow-citizens are France, are America."

A HARVARD PROFESSOR SPEAKS ON DEMOCRACY AT THE SEMI-CENTENARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Professor Ralph Barton Perry, of the chair of psychology and philosophy in Harvard University, spoke on "What Is Democracy?" at the Semi-Centenary of the University of California. Mr. Perry's presentations are of special significance, coming as they do from a professor in Harvard.

Beginning with a quotation from an article in a recent issue of one of the great English reviews, mention of which is made in the article preceding this one, Professor Perry remarked with reference to the war: It is not merely a question as to who shall prove strongest, but of what form of life shall prove strongest. The outcome is going to determine not merely what nations shall survive but what institutions and ideals shall survive.

Professor Perry made it evident that he stands with those who would bend every energy to win the war, as the only safe thing for humanity in the future, regarding Germany as constituted and dominated as the irreconcilable enemy of democracy and democratic institutions. But it was manifest also that he discerned great dangers facing our country. At one point in his address he asked: "Are we willing to give up our own dear and familiar satisfactions? Are we democratic only in so far as we expect to gain by it? Are we democratic only in a rhetorical, vaguely sentimental way?" And the word then was: "If so, we are not ready for the future."

At another point in the address it was said: "A social system may as fairly be judged by the lot of men at the bottom as by the lot of men at the top. It is comparatively easy to devise a system that shall make some men happy, provided the majority may be sacrificed for the purpose. The great task civilization is to achieve is a happiness that may be generally shared, by which the good of one man shall also enhance the good of another. Until this is done civilization may fairly be regarded as on trial."

Speaking concerning the democratic principle of Equality Professor Perry said: "Equality is rooted, first, in the motive of compassion. This motive, instinctive and inalienable, but peculiarly cultivated, intensified and extended by Christianity, prompts men to relieve the manifest distress of their fellows. Compassion is felt for individuals. Compassion is excited by the aspect which life presents at the lower end of the scale of happiness. On the one hand, then, it regards life concretely as an aggregate of suffering struggling, hoping men and women. . . . It is essentially remedial rather than constructive. It applies itself to raising the minimum rather than the maximum. It halts the vanguard of civilization in order that those who are dropping by the way or lagging in the rear may be brought abreast of the marching column. It is less interested in the perfection of the few who demonstrate the height to which human nature can attain under the most favorable conditions; it is more interested in providing the unfortunate with the staple good of healthy food and in changing conditions in general."

Emphasis was laid in this address on the fact that when once a people are started on the road of democracy there can be but one end—and that is real democracy.

"There is no escape from the dilemma. Either the masses of mankind must be broken in spirit, and convinc-

ed by subjection of the utter helplesness of their lot, or if once allowed to travel on the high road to success, their pride must be respected. A man cannot be given opportunity without acknowledgement of his dignity."

"If a fashionable class, an employer class ,a "respectable" class, a "high-brow" class, a Bostonian class, or a white race, feel themselves to be superior, that feeling will inevitably be scented and will arouse a resentful and rebellion spirit among those who have become conscious of their own worth."

With reference to what is bound to come after the war, Professor Perry remarked, as he looked out over the comfortable looking men and women in the audience that day, that they now had some things which they would have to give up in the new day—the day of a real democracy.

THE STORY OF THE COLLEGE OF CALIFORNIA.

ARTICLE IV.

University Regents Call the College Gift "A Munificent One" and "the Seed-plot of the University."

In the latter part of the year 1868, after the transfer of the property of the College of California to the State, a committee of the Regents of the University of California said: "If we consider the donation as property, it is munificent. If we consider it as academic spirit, it is the seed-plot of the University."

The aim of The Pacific is, in this article and a succeeding article, to show that the College of California could have continued—that it was in no sense a bankrupt institution, that the offer was truly a generous one; and that the outworkings in the years since that date make it unquestionably evident that the gift was the seed-plot of the University.

In his "History of the College of California," published in 1887, Dr. Willey says in a statement concerning the convictions of many of the supporters of the College: "This sentiment concerning the transfer was not shared by all the friends and patrons of the College. Some of those who were absent from the state at the time, as soon as they heard of it, expressed their regret in emphatic terms. Among those were Frederick Billings and the Rev. E. S. Lacy. Later on, when they learned all the circumstances, they saw that the thing was inevitable."

In an article in The Pacific in 1894 Dr. Willey said: "A majority of the trustees thought it best to embrace it, though by many the measure was yielded to with the greatest reluctance."

In the archives of the University of California there are several letters written by Mr. Frederick Billings to Dr. Willey during the years of Mr. Billings' large business activities in the East, in one of which, bearing the date of March 10. 1884, he says:

"You know the College was turned over to the University after I left California. I have sometimes wished that I had accepted the presidency of the College when it was tendered to me; for though it would have given me a life of hard work, there would have been great satisfaction if I could have succeeded in putting the Institution upon a firm and prosperous foundation. As we get along in life such work has, in the retrospect, a value with which that of general business affairs seems somewhat poor and unsatisfying."

In another letter, written in March, 1885, Mr. Billings said:

"I was delighted to have your article on The College of California. The College should have continued to be. The University into which it was dropped has accomplished little or nothing—and is a nondescript anyway."

Let it be noted that Dr. Willey, in his "History of the College of California," uses the word "inevitable." Our research has led to the conclusion that it was inevitable only because the founders and supporters of the College had high ideals as to education and the needs here in California; that the College could have pulled along is evident, all in all; but it couldn't have met the need; couldn't have done what these men of vision and consecration so ardently desired it should do.

In a paper read by Dr. Willey, the vice-president of the College, at a meeting of the alumni in 1868, the situation was reviewed, and this statement was then made: "For the present, therefore, the College could do little more than hold its own."

But with the growth of the State both the educational need and the demand were increasing.

In that paper before the alumni in 1868 it was aptly said: "The need for a University of the first rank where youth may pursue any course of study, they choose, has been evident enough. It was easy to see that this need would soon become imperative."

In the Commencement address for 1867, Professor Benjamin Silliman, M.A., M.D., of Yale, speaking on "The Truly Practical Man Necessarily an Educated Man," had considered the need in California, and mentioning the legislative Act for the establishing of an Agricultural College had emphasized the well-known fact that it did not contemplate a University. After setting forth the provision made for the elements of knowledge in the common schools, Professor Silliman pointedly asked, "But what has California done for that higher education which every community must provide for her sons if it would have men properly trained for the learned professions, for statesmen, for arts and sciences?"

Seventeen years of existence as a State! And yet, nothing to that end had been done! Professor Silliman mentioned in his address "the pressing demand felt for a good Mining, Mechanical and Agricultural College," and remarked that "this might very likely for a time keep back the development of a State University and obstruct the plans of those who seek to establish literary and scholastic institutions of a higher grade—like the College of California."

The year that this Commencement address was given by Professor Silliman, Governor Low of the State of California was in attendance at the College and University Alumni Meeting; and to some of its supporters he remarked at that time, as he contemplated what the College had accomplished and what the need was: "You have here organization, scholarship, experience, reputation, pupils—everything but money. The State has none of these, and is not very likely to get them. Several successive legislatures have tried to agree upon some plan of an institution to receive the funds which she already has, but they have failed. And they are more than likely still to fail. What the State wants you have; and what you want the State has. What a pity they could not in some way be put together!"

Universities under State control had up to that time been generally a failure. There were a few exceptions—notably so, the University of Michigan. The founders and supporters of the College of California had some knowledge of the University of Michigan.

In an address given at the sixth anniversary of the College, Professor J. D. Whitney, State Geologist, had referred to the University of Michigan as a noble example of what could be acocmplished for higher education under a proper plan and with the right man in charge. Later, the Rev. Dr. John Todd, an eminent New England pastor, had spent some time at Ann Arbor, had made a study of the University,

and had written and published some highly commendatory articles on the outworkings of the Michigan plan.

These articles had been read by the College of California founders—by these men who were thoroughly imbued with the idea that education is vitally connected with the well-being of the State. They began to ask themselves why should the crowning institution of a fine educational system be lacking in California. Could they do anything to bring its needed establishment? So far as possible all the persons most directly and vitally connected with the College of California were consulted and the offer was made which resulted in the College transferring its property to the State in the interests of the University of California and going out of existence as a separate corporation and institution.

In an editorial in The Pacific for October 17, 1867, there was statement of the proposition, and then it was said:

"It goes forth to the people and commends itself to educated men and to parents who have sons to be educated. The response must come back through the action of the Commissioners for locating the proposed Agricultural and Mining College, and more especially through the action of the legislature now about to assemble.

If it is not accepted, the College of California goes on its way, as hitherto, gathering all the means it can, husbanding its resources, and fulfilling the work of a college to the utmost of its ability.

"It is from no discouragement or lack of success that it makes this proposition to the State. If any institution of learning amongst us can claim to have succeeded, this can. And its prospects of success were never brighter than now. But it is clear that they do not promise what the State wants within any near period of time. Hence, it is submitted that if there is any nearer and better way to obtain the desired result, the College will not be in the way of it. On the contrary it will contribute its whole means and influence to reach it. The College has no private ends to subserve. . . . If it is not for the interest of the public to accept the offer made as above, the College will proceed in its work with all earnestness and courage.

"If, on the other hand, the offer is accepted, it will take delight in seeing University buildings appropriate to learning and honorable to the State rising upon its beautiful and much admired site. And when the institution is organized and at work under State authority, and supported by its endowments, doing all the College is able to do, and much more besides, it will be glad to contribute all its substance, all its sympathy, and all its good will, to carry it to the highest possible degree of excellence."

Mention was then made of the great things accomplished by Michigan in a dozen years, and it was added: "California is able to do as well. The way is open! The time is propitious! The enterprise awaits the response of an intelligent people and the action of our Legislature."

On the 15th of July, 1869, at a time when the educational work of the College of California was likely soon to be suspended by the substitution of the University and its work, The Pacific set forth the leading facts concerning the operation of the College during the years of its existence, remarking, "The College maintained a high standard. . . . keeping its curriculum well up with those of the best colleges in the country."

It was then stated that during the nine years the College had been in existence there had been paid out for salaries of professors, instructors, apparatus, furniture, etc., the sum of $93,077.78—being $29,522.49 more than all the cash subscriptions."

This, in addition to the net assets of the College, conservatively estimated at $50,000, it was stated in the editorial in The Pacific, was what had been made by investments in real estate—besides the gift of the 160 acres to the University.

"Thus, with a capital of $63,077, the College continued the work of instruction for nine years, adding $29,522 to the instruction fund, donating in the meantime to the cause of education a University site worth $160,000, and having a reserve of not less than $50,000 to apply to educational purposes. The assets are really worth more. The facts are, that after the work of nine years has been closed, and this munificent donation has been made, the College still has property equal in value to its original subscriptions."

The article in The Pacific concluded: "It is a good account of stewardship. Every dollar given was increased about fourfold. There are not many instances on record where so small a sum was made, in so short a time, to accomplish so much."

THE SOLDIER AND RELIGION.

By Albert W. Palmer, Pastor of Central Union Church, Honolulu.

The Practical Value of Religion in a Soldier's Life.

When I say "religion" I mean the fundamental spiritual truth beneath every creed and denomination. And by practical value I mean that religion is useful here and now every humdrum day. It is not like a life insurance policy on which you have to pay your premiums patiently and then die to find out whether it was worth while! That religion has values in the life to come I believe with all my heart, but I am concerned just now with its values before the great transition, which we call death, takes place.

First of all religion may bring to a man that Inner Peace which shall tremendously comfort and steady his life. The religious man is no longer going it alone, his life is linked to the life of the universe and is "hid with Christ in God." It means something, after a man has done his best, to lie down weary at the end of a vexatious day, not to toss with worry and fretfulness, but to say: "I am God's child, He will never leave me nor forsake me. As the day is, even so shall my strength be. He has given me the night of rest and for communion with Him through the mystery of sleep. I will commit my way unto Him and trust in Him. I will rest now in the hours of quiet in the peace of God which passeth understanding." If this means much to a civilian, now much more it may means to a soldier!

Moral power to meet the temptations of life in trench and camp is one of the prime requisites of a soldier's life. There is a vital relationship between morals and morale. And under the temptations of a life away from home, lonely and weary and no longer reinforced by the presence of one's friends and family, many a man's fight for character has been lost. No wonder that one of our Y. M. C. A. secretaries in France writes as his supreme prayer:

"White Captain of my soul, lead on;
I follow Thee come dark or dawn.
Only vouchsafe three things I crave:
Where terror stalks, Help me Be Brave!
Where righteous ones can scarce endure
The siren call, Help me Be Pure!
Where vows grow dim, and men dare do
What once they scorned, Help me Be True!"

To have definitely made Christ the "White Captain of my soul" is to have added to the sane principles of morality the invisible and mystic reinforcement of religion.

Religion in a soldier's life has also the value of giving

him the wider perspective of immortality. Washington Gladden once said to a group of students preparing for the ministry, "Don't become a minister if you have doubts about immortality—the funerals will kill you." How much more essential to poise and sanity is a reasonable faith in immortality to the man whose duty takes him into the presence of sudden death and who sees forms and faces known and loved an hour ago utterly destroyed by bomb and shell. The words of Jesus, "Be not afraid of them that have power to kill the body but are not able to kill the soul," and the words of Paul, "For this mortal must put on immortality," must come home with new comfort and meaning to the man who has a background of religious faith in such an hour.

There stands in Boston by Trinity Church a statue of Phillips Brooks. Standing beside the church he loved the preacher preaches still—his head thrown back, his shoulders erect, his face radiant—he is preaching there in bronze. But behind him stands a veiled and mystic figure —the figure of the Christ. And the hand of Christ laid upon the preacher's shoulder is the symbol and explanation of his radiance and power. This is what religion may mean in a soldier's life—the divine companionship of the Man of Galilee. To feel his hand upon one's shoulder is to go forward again radiant, strong untroubled.

I heard once of a well-known minister and author who was taken suddenly ill in a strange city. An operation was necessary. Coming out from under the anaesthetic he found himself in a little whitewashed room in a Catholic hospital. There was no decoration on the walls save a crucifix at the foot of the bed. As he gazed dimly at the crucifix the strengthening thought came to him: "He bore his sufferings! He will help me to bear mine!" Sleep came, and peace and healing.

This is then the supreme value of religion—that it leaves us no longer alone, poor extemporaneous existences, but links our lives to the great life of God and places upon our shoulder the comforting, steadying hand of Jesus.

How to Lay Hold on a Religion That Will Stand up in the Trenches.

A religion that will stand up in the trenches, or (what is quite as difficult) in camp, will be characterized first of all by a passion for reality. Men in army life today are not greatly concerned about denominational labels or theological shibboleths. Not so much a man's sound doctrine about Christ as his reproduction of the Master's spirit, not his belief or disbelief in higher criticism but his ability to find power and nspiration in the Bible are the things which count.

Trench aand camp religion will also be measured and valued by its power to reinforce the moral impulses and help men live clean lives, by its ability to bring the peace of God into a man's heart, by its effect in making him a friendly and helpful member of the "outfit" and its reinforcement of his instinct of personal immortality.

How shall a man lay hold of such a religion? Like the gold in the mountains and the wheat on the plains it delivers its values only to those who pay the price of toil and effort. How, then, shall a man make religion real and vital in his life?

Five Ways Suggested.

1. By communion with Nature. Primitive man found God in earth and sky and sea, and modern man, reinforced by the accuracies of science, still finds a sure path through nature to God. The laws of the universe continually bear witness to "a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Natural law is no "scrap of paper."

2. Through the fellowship of common worship. A dog on a lonely desert still barks to summon the pack because he is a gregarious animal. Man, too, is gregarious and we reach some heights of spiritual experience together that we might never scale in solitude. Hence the value of the Chaplain's Sunday service or the Y. M. C. A. meeting and Bible class in the evening.

3. Through the systematic study of the Bible. Here in this book are the greatest answer humanity has ever found to its profoundest questions. A little pocket testament bound in khaki, small enough to carry in the pocket, is available for every soldier. It is a valuable piece of equipment for lonely days and nights.

4. Through prayer. "Prayer," says Henry Van Dyke, "is the noblest use of language." All men pray though they may not realize it. We pray by the way we expend our time, our money, our energy. How pathetically earth-bound and unworthy these prayers of ours have often been. Give them wings! Make prayer the liberator of your better self! Through the matchless words of the Book of Common Prayer or the beautiful "Vailima Prayers" of Robert Louis Stevenson, learn for yourself the language of devotion.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God!"

5. Through Service. If religion begins with the contemplation of the stars it is incomplete without the contemplation of humanity. Jesus taught no lonely self-absorbed mysticism but a life of practical, helpful service. Religion, the Christian religion at any rate, grows only through kind and brotherly service to our fellow man. And military life is full of opportunities for patient and practical brotherhood with the other man in the squad-room or the tent.

THE COURAGE OF JESUS.

A Sermon by the Rev. Henry K. Booth of Long Beach.

"And I say unto you, Be not afraid." Luke 12:4.

"Now when they beheld the boldness of Peter and John —they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." Acts 4:13.

Courage is a characteristic of manliness, so elemental, so absolutely essential, that without it manhood ceases to be. There are two epithets that no man will stand because they are insults to his manhood. One is liar, the other is coward. To be a man and to be a true man requires absolutely the possession of courage, fearlessness, the willingness to face danger and suffering and death, if need be, and face them with equanimity and without fear or cringing. And so if we did not find in the character of Jesus this quality of courage we would count him less than a man, and were it not that he possessed that quality, we could not honor him as we do. He would be less than a man if it were not possible for him to face whatever life brought him and to face it without fear. So we find that Jesus was the possessor of courage, and courage in its finest and most highly developed form. And I ask you to look with me briefly this morning at the four elements or qualities of courage which may be shared by us, his fellowmen, but which in him were at their maximum of intensity and beauty and perfection.

First of all, we note that in him was the heroism that was able to meet all things alone. It is one thing for a man under the stress of the presence of his fellowmen, in a great charge where men are by his side supporting him to be courageous and heroic then, it is a vastly different thing for the same man to keep his courage and heroism when he stands alone. In a remarkable little story by the late Richard Harding Davis, called "The Red Badge of Courage," which most of you have read, you will remember how

he depicts in the most vivid and forceful way the kind of courage that enabled a man to stay at his post until he himself died alone, that kind of fidelity to duty and to truth that holds a man at his post when all other men are gone. This was the quality of Jesus' heroism. He had to stand alone. His disciples and followers forsook him and fled in the hour of his extremity, and although they did not leave him at earlier times in his ministry, they did not companion him in those instances of heroism upon which he essayed; they did not have the courage to face what he was willing to face. Jesus was a marked man from the day that he stepped across the Jordan at the call of John the Baptist until the day when on Calvary he died upon the cross. From the beginning to the end of that ministry he was singled out by the leaders of his people for every form of opposition, abuse and persecution itself. It was only their fear of the popular mind or will that held them back from killing him long before they did. By every possible means they sought to oppose his work to cripple his usefulness, to discredit him in the eyes of men, and at last, when all these devious and underhanded methods had failed, we find the open opposition and the complete hatred manifesting itself in the attempt to take his life. Through that long and trying period of public life Jesus walked alone. Even those who knew him best did not dare stand by his side. But Jesus possessed the kind of courage that made it possible for him to face all that came whether one stood by his side or thousands. He did not care. He was so heroic in mold that the approval of his fellows and their companionship, even, was not necessary to his own courage and heroism. He was able to walk his own path and to walk alone.

And the courage of Jesus was also the courage of every day. If you wanted me to paint a picture of the heroism of Jesus, I would not paint you a picture of his standing in the temple and casting out the money changers with a whip of cords, or standing again in the same spot and scourging the Pharisees with those terrific words that fell from his lips. I would not paint a picture, even, of that hour when he emerged from the shadows of Gethsemane and in the presence of the soldiery said, "Here I am; take me if you will"; nor even that later hour when he stood before Pontius Pilate and told him, "My kingdom is not of this world." But I should find the heroism of Jesus rather, in other scenes—in that scene, for example, by the side of the lake of Galilee where he faced five thousand people and preached to them his gospel of the kingdom, and when he told them plainly that they had sought him not for what they might get of spiritual power, but just because they had had their physical hunger satisfied when he made so plain to them the issue of his own life and ministry that the five thousand dwindled to four and three and two and one; and as they slunk away in groups, going by hordes at last from his side and left him alone with a handful of disciples, Jesus said to them, "Will ye also go away?" That is the kind of heroism and of courage that Jesus possessed, the courage of every day. It is the kind of courage we may all have. We are not all of us called to have the other kind that finds its opportunity in great deeds of valor with which the plaudits of men come and enthusiasm of numbers helps, but when all the pomp and panoply of war have ceased. It is a great deal harder to keep one's courage when nobody knows that one is heroic, when nobody knows that one is doing his duty patiently in the face of difficulty. This kind of heroism is a heroism not only of men but of women. Indeed, I sometimes think that the women have the most of it, that kind of heroism that leads a woman down into that valley, to that gate that swings both ways, that she may bring a life into the world, going uncomplainingly, with no thought of heroism, because she feels it to be her work and her duty, that kind of heroism that leads a woman to sink her own desire and her own wishes in making other lives happy and fine, that splendid courage that leads her to face inward pain and mental suffering and yet keep a smiling face above it all. That is the kind of heroism that Jesus had and that we may all have. It is one thing to face a battalion of guns and storm them in the name of country and flag, it is another thing to face a regiment of doubts and fears and sorrows and conquer them in the name of heroism and fine courage. The Master's heroism, then, was of a splendid kind that endures through all sorts of experiences, that does not need the help of other men or does not need the inspiration of some critical moment, but quietly, steadily, without let or hindrance, carries itself through all vicissitudes and trials.

And the third quality of this courage of Jesus was that it was a courage of idealism. He set himself to live a finer life, to hold a finer set of principles than the men about him. Those men with whom he had fellowship and intercourse in the social life of his time had certain standards of conduct and ideas regarding life which to Jesus were not strong enough, fine enough, stable enough. And he comes on the scene as a revolutionist, setting himself against the established ideas and traditions of his day. He knew it meant to cut him off from the sympathy of large numbers of his fellowmen, to make them call him a traitor and an outcast, a disturber of the peace, an insurrectionist. He knew perfectly well that in setting himself against these opinions he was setting himself against all that men held dear, and yet, because he felt the righteousness of the kingdom of heaven; that the washing of the cup and the Scribes and Pharisees was not the righteousness of the platter were as nothing beside the cleansing of the heart; that the tithing of mint and anise and cummin were nothing as compared with the giving of one's life completely and gladly to God; because he knew that there were these finer conceptions of duty, he lived and worked and taught these things knowing that it must cost him in the end the friendship and the companionship of all men about him. I tell you it takes a fine kind of courage for any man or woman to rise above the conceptions of their day, and because they believe they have a higher conception of duty in life to hew to the line no matter what may come. It is not an easy thing for any man to hold himself faithful to these things, and I cannot forbear paying just a word of tribute to a man who has come from another church into our own. I refer to Dr. Edward P. Ryland of Los Angeles. I do not agree with Dr. Ryland at all in his position regarding this war, but I tell you it takes a pretty strong kind of courage for any man to remain faihful to what he thinks is the truth. It has cost Dr. Ryland the place he so long held in his church, and I think that the least we can do is to recognize that he is absolutely sincere in believing what he believes, and that he is sincere enough and courageous enough to stand by what he thinks is true, even though he knows that he is running counter to the opinions of most of his fellowmen in the ministry and the church and the community. I honor a man like that, no matter what his belief, and whether we agree with him or not, I think we ought to recognize that this is a very fine kind of courage that holds a man faithful to these things whatever it may cost. That was the sort of courage that was in Christ, the willigness to be faithful to his convictions, because he believed himself to have something finer and higher in his own thought and life, no matter what it might cost him of friendship, of comfort and of help.

Last of all, it was a courage of faith. Jesus was courageous because he believed that in the long run the kingdom of God would win, because he was certain in his heart

of hearts that no matter how men might rail against him, even if they nailed him to the cross, that they could not nail the ideals for which he stood to the cross, and that they could not rail against the ideals which were to be incarnated in human life. He knew that out of his blood of the martyrs of that church would arise the kingdom of God. Jesus believed that in and through his own sacrifice it would be possible to make the world come at last unto the foot of the throne of God. It was because Jesus had that faith that he could hold his courage even to the uttermost and face not only disaster and death, but failure and contempt and shame, because he knew that the God who ruled above was working in human life by devious and strange and providential ways, and that what seemed failure today would be marked as a triumph tomorrow, and that the cross upon which he hung, the symbol of shame and ignominy, would be exalted upon every church spire and become enshrined in every heart. Jesus then, was possessed of the finest courage possible, a courage that was loyal to truth and principle at whatever cost, a courage that was willing to stand alone against the whole world, a courage that was born of a faith that was invincible. And I would that as we think of him this morning, we should think of him no longer as the "Pale Galilean," as the weak and effeminate Christ of mediaeval art, but that we should remember that we are following one whose courage was so great, whose heroism was so fine that the great leaders who have fallen for their principles and ideals and have laid down their lives for what they thought was truth have been glad to call him their leader and the Captain of their salvation, and that today as we meet there are thousands of our fellowmen across the water in the mud and slime of Flanders, dying in the woods of Lorraine, who call him, this Christ of Galilee, not only their Saviour but their Captain, and who are glad and proud to fight under the banner of the cross. This is our Jesus, and we are not worthy of his name unless there is aflame in us something of the courage and heroism that was illuming his whole life of glory and that followed him even unto Calvary, and we shall find that as Peter and John faced that Sandhedrim, we, too, shall face all danger and difficulty without flinching, and that when men look upon our faces full of heroism and of light and truth, they shall say, "Truly, these have been with Jesus."

PROPHETS VS. PROFITS.

By E. Guy Talbott.

Is this war in which we are engaged a "Dollar War" or a War for humanity? Is it a war conducted by profiteers or by seers? Is it a war of the prophets of the coming civilization of tomorrow, or a war of "profits" for the dying civilization of our day? The answer to these questions depends largely on the interpretation of the meaning of the war by the Christian prophets—the preachers of America.

During the past three weeks the writer of this article has travelled over the United States from the Pacific to the Atlantic and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico in connection with the campaign now being conducted by the National Committee on the Churches and the Moral Aims of the war. Since war was declared with Germany he has travelled more than 70,000 miles over the United States in war work. He has used these opportunities to study the conscience of America regarding the war, and this article is an analysis of the American conscience on the war.

Before America entered the war on the side of the Allies, the world war for the bulk of America was, without question, a war of profits. Never in history did one nation coin such profits out of suffering and destruction as our country profited while Europe sweltered in blood. Our commerce overseas increased until the total represented billions, and the profits on this commerce in war necessities were enormous. Huge dividends were declared by shipping concerns, munition manufacturers and other producers of necessary war supplies.

This meant an abnormal prosperity for most of the states. Wages increased, jobs increased, farmers and manufacturers got big prices, and Europe paid in blood. We are the Shylock among the nations.

However, with the entrance of America into the war, the country rapidly shifted values from the material to the spiritual. To many, it seemed that we entered the war because Germany was interfering with our shipping of munitions to her enemies. It was said that the shipping and munition interests were the ones who were primarily interested in having the United States enter the lists against Germany. And it is still true that these interests are making great profits out of the war. But these profiteers do not represent America nor American patriotism. The people of this nation bitterly resent and denounce the man or industry that would make the war an occasion to inflate prices and make abnormal profits.

The innate idealism of America has at last come to the fore. With Abraham Lincoln, we have again recognized that "humanity is paramount to prosperity." Whatever the profiteers may think, the American people think that this war is what President Wilson declared it to be: "To make the world safe for democracy"; to liberate humanity from the shackels of autocracy; to make an end of war as the means of settling international disputes. I have visited the military camps across the continent, and have felt the high idealism of officers and soldiers in this regard, as well as the people at large.

But if the war is to be kept to these high ideals the Christian prophets in America must sound at this time no uncertain note. It has been charged that the ministry in our day reflects rather than moulds public opinion. In this hour of world crisis we must hear again the prophetic voice. That is our greatest need and that alone will enable us as a nation to escape the materialistic and militaristic quagmires of the war.

The profit makers will do everything in their power and they have great power to fasten German militarism on the United States. They are strongly organized and are carrying on a constant and insidious propaganda all over the United States to do for this country what German militarism has done for Germany. They do this solely in the interest of profits. What America needs is not "profitable patriotism" but a patriotic prophetism. Only the Christian ministry can supply the need.

The people are looking to the preachers for this kind of leadership. They must not look in vain. To help quicken the conscience of America regarding the moral objective of the war, a nation-wide campaign is being conducted by the National Committee on the Churches and the Moral Aims of the War. This Committee, of which Hamilton Holt, Editor of the "Independent," is the Chairman, is composed of representatives from the following organizations: Church Peace Union, League to Enforce Peace, Commission on International Justice and Goodwill of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America; and the American Council of the World Alliance for promoting International Friendship through the Churches.

Mass meetings and conferences are being held in all the important cities of the Union. Prominent speakers from America and Europe are participating in the campaign. Among these speakers are Sir George Adam Smith of England, Ex-President, William Howard Taft, Judge Alton B.

Parker, Dr. Chas. S. Macfarland, Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, Dr. Frederick Lynch, Dr. W. P. Merrill, and scores of others equally prominent in our National life.

Regarding the campaign, Dr. Wm. P. Merrill, President of the Church Peace Union, says: "This movement is emphatically a War campaign in behalf of inter-national justice, because we believe that a permanent world peace can be achieved only by the defeat of the forces of militarism and autocracy represented by the rulers of the Central Powers."

Hamilton Holt, chairman of the Committee, epitomizes the purpose of the campaign when he says: "Our President stands today as the world's foremost democrat and statesman because he articulates the very conscience of the American people, and because the American people are now bending their might solely to the establishment of the great moral principles of liberty and justice for all nations, friend and foe alike. It was Woodrow Wilson who first detailed the plan for the establishment after the war of a league of free nations to enforce peace.'

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

An added interest was given to the prayer meeting on last Wednesday by the arrival that morning of Miss Hilda MacClintock of Chicago who goes to Japan, through the kindness of her family and friends as an assistant to Miss Denton in her work at the Doshisha Girls' School. It was a pleasure to welcome this new recruit into the Board family and to have her feel the fellowship of this prayer circle.

Miss Denton was on hand to greet her, having herself just arrived from Los Angeles.

The thought of the morning dwelt further on The Master's Endurance, most fittingly in accord with Holy week.

A letter was read from Mrs. Eaton, Vice-president of the Southern California Branch, voicing a plea that the Board take up work in Mexico our nearest neighbor. This and kindred subjects were prayerfully considered.

* * * * * *

Reception to Miss Denton and Miss MacClintock.

Farewell has been said to Miss Denton. Last Thursday afternoon at a reception given her by the directors at the Hotel Fairmont, San Francisco, hundreds of friends wished her "Bon Voyage' and "God-speed." They gladly welcomed this opportunity to greet her once more, before the Persia-Maru should transport her beyond the sea.

The day was ideally bright and clear, and Japan seemed not far away as one gazed from the hotel windows at the shining waters stretching through and beyond the Golden Gate toward the Nippon shores. About the room large flags of America and Japan, and beautiful sprays of Japanese flowering peach grown in American soil, expressed the sympathetic cordiality and close tie existing between the Japanese and American guests in attendance.

Many graduates of the Doshisha University and other prominent Japanese men and women had gathered with the members and friends of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific to do Miss Denton honor. Friendliness for her was spontaneously shared with Miss Hilda MacClintock, a recent graduate of the University of Chicago, who accompanies Miss Denton to become a teacher in the Doshisha.

A short program followed the greetings to the guests of honor and officers of the Board. The audience was seated and listened first with great pleasure to several charming songs by Mrs. B. M. Stich, the soprano soloist of the First Church, San Francisco. Her voice thrilled and vibrated with an ecstasy like that of spring and gloriously matched the day.

Miss Denton told with what joy she was turning her face once more toward her beloved Japan. Last year it had been "a coming home"; and now it was "going home." Home was to her both here and there. Desiring to show what America and Japan could be to each other and to the world, she spoke of what the Doshisha stood for—the making of character that would render it possible for Japan and America co-operating to mold all life in the Orient. Mention was made of the fact that the Board Sunday Schools in Japan were the first workers for stricken Rumania; and the leavening influence of the Doshisha in various ways and channels was made manifest.

Miss Denton declared that Japan already stands for the best that America stands for; that the Japanese are not selfish unless we are selfish; that the things Japan is criticized for in this country are the very things we pride ourselves on.

It was said by Miss Denton in the course of her talk that no people were keener to know the truth; none are kinder to the old; none kinder to children. And the loving admonition of this devoted missionary was: Be loving and tender and sincere in your dealings with the Japanese and with Japan. "Christianity is everything; the Christian message a great message."

As for herself, Miss Denton's hope was that the Board would keep her in Japan until she was close on to a hundred years. And finally: "Thank you for sending me to Japan! Thank you for letting me go back! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!"

Miss MacClintock expressed her pleasure for the opportunity that was given her to go to Japan, and sincerely hoped that her ambitions for her work would be realized.

Previous to the reception the directors and members of the advisory board had spent a delightful hour of fellowship with Miss Denton and Miss MacClintock around a beautifully appointed lunch table. The pleasure was conferred by Mrs. Evans, who gave the luncheon in honor of our two representatives about to take departure for their fields abroad

Another time of delightful sociability was the afternoon spent in the home in Berkeley where Mrs. John Knox McLean is the gracious hostess. The occasion was a reception to Mrs. Albert W. Peck, who was at one time president of the Board. Friendships were resumed, which Mrs. Peck's long sojourn in Peking, China, had interrupted; and many were happy to meet her again as she tarried here for a few weeks while en route to New York.

PREPAREDNESS.

For all of your days prepare,
And meet them ever alike;
When you are the anvil, bear—
When you are the hammer, strike!
—Edwin Markham in McClure's.

The man who is always on the side of the biggest crowd never weighs much anywhere.

"God **Save** and **Keep** and **Hold**,
And in Thine arms enfold,
Our Boys—Our Men.
Our love with them they bear,
Our hearts are filled with prayer,
We leave them in Thy care,
Our Boys—Our Men."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Northern California Congregational Conference will meet this year in May. Place, First Church, Berkeley. Time, May 6-8.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco the Rev. B. St. John will speak on "The New Heaven and the New Earth."

Eleven persons were welcomed into the fellowship of First Church, Alameda, Easter Sunday, making 16 received during the last few weeks—10 on confession. Last Sunday there were nine baptisms. One of the persons baptized and coming into membership on confession was a woman 72 years old.

FIRST CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO. .....

At a recent service several hundred copies of the sermon by the pastor on the topic, "If I Were Twenty-one Again," were distributed. The sermon was given first by Mr. Stauffer in his own pulpit, and then at Stanford University. Among the first words in this sermon, given in Mr. Stauffer's arresting fashion, were these: "I therefore say, first of all, that if I were twenty-one again, I would listen to the advice of a man of forty-seven. I rarely feel older than that excepting when a woman in a street car says to her boy, 'Get up, dear, and give that old gentleman your seat."

Remarking next that the young man and young woman who would listen to him would save time, Mr. Stauffer proceeded to present some thoughts well worth the attention of young men and young women, and which, because of the graphic wording and dramatic presentation must have taken root in the minds of all who heard them.

On Easter Sunday forty-three persons were welcomed into fellowship, twenty coming on confession of faith. Those coming by letter were from Congregational, Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, "Christian" and Methodist Episcopal churches. One of the persons uniting on confession had been a member at one time of the Episcopal Church of Ireland; another, a member formerly of a Baptist church at Surrey, England.

Last Sunday's calendar had the following by the pastor under the caption of "An Apology to Two Queens":

"Last Sunday morning, just as the pastor was adding a postscript to his sermon in the form of an exhortation to join the church, two women arose from rear pews and walked toward the door. 'We will close in a moment,' said the preacher; 'don't leave unless you have to catch a train.' That was all. It IS annoying to see people leaving the church before the benediction; if all took that course, what a confusion! But—on Monday, while the preacher was taking lunch at a near-by hotel, two waitresses approached with a smile (note that I say, 'with a smile') and said, 'Mr. Stauffer, we were sorry to leave yesterday morning's service before the last hymn, but we had to get back to the hotel to serve lunch.' Oh, my! What a rebuke! What a sermon in that incident! So this preacher makes humble apology. How fine of those young ladies to come to church at such an effort, and how magnanimous of them to treat the matter so generously. Let all who must come late, or leave early, on such account, come and go as they please. We are glad they come and their exit shall not disturb us."

MR. BOLLINGER GOES FROM DOUGLAS TO VALDEZ.

In 1916 the Rev. E. S. Bollinger went from Portland to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Douglas, on Douglas Island, Alaska. He has been called to Valdez, and because of unsettled business conditions at Douglas and little prospect for the accomplishment of much in that field just now, the Home Missionary Society has favored his entrance on the work at Valdez. Mr. Bollinger began work at Valdez the first of this month.

There are four Congregational churches in Alaska. In addition to those at Douglas and Valdez there are churches at Nome and at Wales. The last published statistics gave a total membership of 382.

PILGRIM MEMORIAL FUND.

The following personal letter from Secretary Swartz of the Pilgrim Memorial Fund will be of interest to all Congregational ministers, and the suggestion contained is worth the careful consideration of all.

"I am glad that you are now a member of The Annuity Fund. When the certificates under the new plan are available in '21, you will have the option of retaining your old certificate unchanged, or taking out a certificate under the plan with the benefit of whatever value your present certificate may then possess. I can assure you that the holders of the certificates under the original plan will in no wise suffer because of the new plan. If the brethren generally realized the signficance of what is going on, all the men who are in middle life and upward would make a rush for certificates under the original plan. The project is very profitable to them. You understand that the original type of certificate, such as yours, shares in the benefit of the Pilgrim Memorial Fund for exactly the same amount as the new certificates, namely an equal proportion of the interest of the Fund.

"The personal understanding with me when I came down was that I was not only to serve as Executive Secretary in the raising of the Pilgrim Fund, but I was to stay by and administer in the days to come. We are now eagerly engaged in the colossal task of securing the money and we believe it can be done because it ought to be done."

REDWOOD CITY.

Easter was a big day in our church—large audiences, much enthusiasm, beautiful decorations, inspiring music. Four young women between the ages of 18 and 21, united with the church on confession. The men in uniform enjoy the social half-hour after the Sunday evening service.

SUISUN.

We enjoyed the bright Easter day immensely. Fine audiences morning and evening. Most enjoyable and profitable services. Church beautifully decorated. Singing hearty and inspiring. The pastor's message in the morning and his wife's message in the evening were alike manifestly appreciated. Five promising lads were received into

church membership on confession. A generous missionary offering on our apportionment was cheerfully given at all services, church and Sunday-school. An excellent spirit prevails.

SAN MATEO.

Ten persons, seven on confession and three by letter, united with the church Easter Sunday morning. The Sunday-school has contributed $55 toward the Armenian relief fund. Dr. Rathbone preached on a recent Sunday morning to a large audience. The church is rejoicing in the arrival of several new families in our midst who are affiliating themselves with the church. The pastor and wife attended the reception given Miss Denton at the Fairmont Hotel.

OLIVET CHURCH, OAKLAND.

Easter Sunday was an inspiring day in Olivet Church. Twenty-five persons were welcomed into fellowship, seventeen coming in on confession. There was an Easter Thankoffering of $178—almost enough to pay the annual installment on loan from the Church Building Society. The attendance at Sunday-school was 200.

A budget for current expenses and benevolences totaling $1737 has been adopted for the nine months yet remaining of the year 1918. An Every-Member Canvas will be made next Sunday. In the preparation for which Olivet is to have the splendid assistance of Mr. Frank D. Arnold of First Church and also that of Dr. Kelsey of the American Board.

BENJAMIN PERKINS.

Entered into the other life, March 27, 1918, in Boston, Mass., at the age of 39, Benjamin, son of the late Rev. F. B. Perkins, and dearly loved brother of Sarah Perkins Wishar and Helen M. Perkins. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Miles B. Fisher.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CHURCH NEWS NOTES.

By A Field Worker.

Venice.

Vacant for some time, with income used to pay overdue bills, is looking forward hopefully to the coming of Rev. Shelton Bissell of Boise, Idaho, on Easter Sunday, with a view to the pastorate. Mr. Bissell served the church at La Jolla several years and so his friends are rejoicing in having him again in their midst.

Glendale.

Has learned that its pastor Rev. Mr. Willisford has arrived in France for work in Y. M. C. A. and scarcely expects his return for at least one year. The work for the time being is under the leadership of Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Marsh, formerly of Whittier, who settling down at Glendale, are giving themselves with their accustomed enthusiastic devotion to the furtherance of the church interest in every line of activity. On Sunday March 24th, the pulpit was given over to the representative of C. C. B. S. who spoke to a large and attentive audience.

Los Angeles.

Rev. Dr. Kenngott with all his ordinary duties is planning for what he hopes to be the best "Retreat" the Congregational brethren of the South have ever enjoyed at Avalon. Terms are better than formerly. An interesting program is promised, and many are going. The invitation is quite broad, so some of the brethren of the north may be counted among the guests.

Lemon Grove.

After two years in Tempe, Arizona, where effective work was done, Rev. C. N. Hand overtured by the church and the community has returned to this church where he had already spent five years. The lemon crop, largely remunerative, gives the people encouragement and so a successful drive to raise $275 overdue the Church Building Society was made March 17, but the entire amount was promised at the morning service and a little canvassing in the afternoon brought the sum up to the required figures. Pastor and people are rejoicing and Lemon Grove looks forward to large things.

UTAH.

Provo.

The friends were made glad Sunday March 24 by the visit of Dr. Moore and Dr. Minchin, the former retiring from the Superintendency of Colorado and Utah, to accept the N. Y. Secretaryship vacated by Dr. Swartz, the latter to be introduced by Dr. Moore as his successor in these two States together with Wyoming. The two visited also Bountiful and Sandy and were much pleased with the outlook. Provo is fortunate in having recently paid considerable on its parsonage loan, by which it was able to make a new adjustment with the Building Society. Rev. Ludwig Thomsen and wife are the enthusiastic leaders of our Provo hosts.

Ogden.

By appointment Drs. Moore, Minchin and Secretary Wikoff met on March 26th, the trustees and pastor of this church, and were warmly greeted. Great delight is expressed in the coming of Rev. G. Matthews from Ipswich South Dakota, a young man not long from England. Arrangements were made for closing out the loan made by C. C. B. S. the taking up more systematically the benevolences and for so falling in line with the denominational trend as to be ready for the Drive to be made next December. Ogden never had a finer outlook and is to be congratulated upon its improved property, its board of trustees, its minister and its growing congregation.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

One month, one-third of the time that Rev. Hugh Pedley, D.D., of Montreal, Canada, was called as a temporary supply at the First Congregational Church of this city, has passed. His ministrations in, as well as out of, the pulpit have won all who had the opportunity to come into personal contact with him. And furthermore, the personality of Mrs. Pedley has supplemented the work of her husband to an unusual degree, when it is realized that both came here as total strangers from a relatively foreign land. Not so, now, however, as whatever barriers there may have been foolishly set up in recent years between Great Britain and the United States are now broken down, and I trust will never be in evidence again. A common experience in the present awful cataclysm is sure to bind us together hereafter beyond any possibility of breaking apart.

The past has been a remarkable week in Congregational Church history in this city. Services were held in the First Church every night except Saturday. Dr. Pedley speaking each night. His subjects were:

Monday, "The Significance of the Palms;" Tuesday, "The Triple Work of the Holy Spirit;" Wednesday, "Christ and Life's Supreme Struggle;" Thursday, "If the the Church were only more Christian;" Friday, "The Imperishable

Christ." At the close of the last address, which attracted the closest attention, there was a United Communion service, all the Congregational ministers of the city and a goodly number of the members from each church participating.

This impressive occasion came about as the result of a suggestion by Dr. Pedley to the Brotherhood of Congregational ministers one week previous. He stated that that was a custom which had been in vogue in Montreal for a number of years, and had proved an important factor in promoting a much greater degree of spiritual fellowship than had existed prior its adoption. Judging from the interest in this first occasion of the kind in the history of the Congregational churches in Oregon, that is, the celebration of the Lord's Supper on the evening of Good Friday—it is my belief that it will become the regular practice among the Congregational Churches of this city hereafter.

Fifty years ago today the Young Men's Christian Association of Portland was organized in the prayer meeting room in the basement of the First Presbyterian Church which then stood on the northwest corner of Third and Washington streets, well back in the residence section of the city. The population then was not over 6,000—the census of 1870 gives the population as 8,300. The site of that church is now occupied by a class A steel and concrete building 100 x 100 feet and twelve stories high and the population is over 300,000. And best of all the work of the Y. M. C. A. has been kept fully abreast of all other lines of human achievement, and its activities now extend into all parts of the world, particularly in the battle swept regions in Europe and Asia, several hundred of the members of this Association performing service in various ways in connection with the armies of the allies. The meeting today composed of a small number of those who have been active in Y. M. C. A. work from the beginning here, and was presided over by Mr. Edward Quackenbush, the first President of the Association who came here from San Francisco in 1865. In addition there were five other persons present who had been connected with this work from the start, your correspondent among them.

Portland, March 31, 1918.

DE PROFUNDIS.

By W. J. Dawson.

So long around our heart we drew
The flaming line of hope that kept
Despair at bay, and held it true
That Christ watched while the great world slept.
And now our creed breaks like a star,
  And falls in fire, and ends in night;
The heaven we sought is all too far,
  Our hearts are tired, we have no light.

We drew the sword, we struck at wrong,
We fought to mould a better world;
Now all we held as right so long
Lies at our feet in ruin hurled.
We learn the bitter speech of scorn,
  "Their wrong was right, our right was wrong";
We tear the flag in conquest borne,
And bow our heads beneath the strong.

Yet not so; if a splendid dream
We served, we will not perish thus.
Some Easter glory yet shall gleam
Beyond "God has forsaken us!"
Gird on the sword, the flag raise high!
  Once more against the spears of hell
We hurl ourselves, and if we die
  We fall as all God's worthiest fell!

—From The Father of a Soldier (John Lane Co.)

BIBLES TO BATTLESHIPS.

The two visiting Japanese warships, Iwate and Asama, in the San Francisco Bay, were supplied with Scriptures by the American Bible Society, the Dendo-Dan (Japanese Missionary Society) and Mr. Oscar Zimmermann, missionary to the seamen.

Fifteen English leather-bound Bibles were presented to the Admiral, the captains and the chief officers of the ships, such as are provided for the sailors in the American Navy, were given to the Japanese cadets and fifteen hundred and twelve Japanese gospels were supplied to the sailors.

Secretary Kobayashi, representing the Dendo-Dan, Secretary Mell, representing the American Bible Society and Mr. immermann made the presentation addresses on board the Flagship "Iwate."

The gift of the Scriptures was graciously acknowledged and the receiving officer expressed the gratitude and the deep appreciation of the officers and men on board the training vessels.

The Home.

THE GREAT PLAN.

"I know not whence I came,
  I know not whither I go;
But the fact stands clear that I am here in this world of pleasure and woe.
And out of the mist and murk another truth shines plain—
It is my power each day and hour to add to its joy or its pain.
The trouble, I think, with us all is the lack of a righ conceit;
If each man thought he was sent to this spot to make it a bit more sweet,
How soon we could gladden the world, how easily right all wrong,
If nobody shirked, and each one worked to help his fellows along.
Cease wondering why you came—stop looking for faults and flaws.
Rise up today in your pride and say, 'I am part of the First Great Cause!
However full the world, there is room for an earnest man.
It had need of me or I would not be—I am here to strengthen the plan.' "

COURTESY IS HELPFUL TO HAPPINESS.

Courtesy is nothing more than being polite and obliging; it is a help to the happiness of both parties concerned. Every man feels the better by being shown the courtesies of life, and every man is the happier by having shown them.

Certainly it can be no pleasure to men to pass each other in silence, as the brutes of the field, yet there are some people who are, or seem to be entirely void of courtesy, showing no more respect for each other than a monkey,

a moose, or a high-headed goose. Some human beings actually move about each other like bears in a cage, never noticing each other, except to growl occasionally.

Certainly every man can be courteous, for it costs nothing, and is within the ability of all. William Wirt, writing to his daughter, said: "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world would serve you so if you gave them the same cause. Let everyone, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily called the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifests themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment—at the table, in the field, walking, siting, and standing."

SHUT THE DOOR.

A man was standing in a telephone booth trying to talk, but could not make out the message. He kept saying, "I can't hear, I can't hear." The other man by and by said sharply, "If you'll shut the door, you can hear."

His door was not shut, and he could hear not only the man's voice, but the street and store noises, too. Some folks have gotten their hearing badly confused because their doors have not been shut enough. Man's voice and God's voice have become mixed in their ears. They cannot tell between them. The bother is partly with the door. If you'll shut that door, you can hear.—S. D. Gordon.

THE OTHER SIDE.

"When you're forming your opinions,
Do it carefully—go slow—
Hasty judgments oft are followed
By regretting—that I know—
And in argument be careful
Not too quickly to deride—
Try to look upon the subject
From the other fellow's side.

"Ah, if we would use but caution,
And a little less of self;
Think a little more of kindness,
And a little less of pelf;
Try to help the other fellow,
Not to hurt him—don't you see
How much fairer, brighter, better
This old world of ours would be?

"O'er and often I've discovered
That the other fellow knew
Lots of things about some subjects
Which I didn't think were true;
And I'd still be groping vainly,
In my ffickering light and dim,
If I hadn't hesitated
While I hearkened unto him.

"Keep the path your mind would travel,
Broad and open all the way;
Walk with Wisdom's comrade—Caution—
Heeding all he has to say;
And no matter what arises,
Ere against it you have cried,
Try to look upon the subject
From the other fellow's side."

THE CLEARING-OFF MAN.

The man who always thinks it is going to clear off is a blessing to any community. He takes a cheerful view of the weather because he takes a cheerful view of everything. He is wise meteorologically because, as a matter of fact, it generally does clear off; and he is wise temperamentally and in the worldly sense because continued cheerfulness, a habitually hopeful view, is rewarded with the world's affection and confidence—two things which are worth a great deal more than its money.

There are far too many good people in the world who make a kind of public calamity of their goodness. We doubt whether a good person who thus makes his goodness a cheerless and critical thing comes off as well in the eternal account as the man who, though he may have his little human weaknesses, makes people smile instead of frown—makes them firmly believe that dark skies are going to clear, and instantly brightens into sympathetic radiance a rather weak and hazy quality of sunshine when it comes.

Since beauty is truth, the man who makes us believe in the essential beautifulness of the world must be a good and true man. In any case, with all his faults we love him.—New York Mail and Express.

For The Children.

WHEN ROB AND BETTY WERE VISITING.

"Well, there's one thing, and that is, I won't have to do a single chore while I'm at Aunt Helen's," said Betty, as she brought her hair ribbons and some clean aprons to the big trunk mamma was packing for the three weeks' visit. "Morris Denman has promised to get the milk for old Mrs. Burton, and do all the other chores. I won't have to listen to her say, 'Betty, be sure to shut the door tight,' for a long time. She's so grumpy that I always hurry away as fast as I can."

"Morris is going to do all my chores, too," said Rob, bringing his old shoes to the trunk. "I'm going to have a fine time, without a single task. I wouldn't mind the chores if Mr. Dick was easy to please, but he is so particular. Just because I brought him the wrong kind of cough drops he made me go clear back to the drug store yesterday. Of course, I'll have to give Morris the money he pays me, but I don't care for that. Uncle John always gives me pennies and dimes while I'm at his house, and I don't need the chore money."

Rob and Betty had a fine time when they were away with their mother, for they always enjoyed good times with Aunt Helen and Uncle John; but this time they met a new boy, who lived right across the street.

"Come with me, Rob, and as soon as I get my chores done I'll be ready for the ball game," said the new boy one morning. "I go straight from the last errand to the school ground, so I won't lose any time."

The two boys had a fine time that morning, and when Rob returned he was telling Betty and his mother about the people Jay Burke did errands for.

"If I had people like that to do chores for I'd like it," he said. "One lady gave us each a big apple, and another gave us a cooky, and they were all so pleasant and friendly. I wish we could move to this town where folks are so nice. Jay doesn't get any more money than we do, but everybody treats him so nicely."

"Jay is so nice to the people he does chores for, too," said Aunt Helen. "They all think he is the best boy in

town. He is so careful to get just the things they want, and do the errands promptly, so they like him very much. Why, last Christmas old Mr. Horn gave him two dollars for a gift, and Mr. Horn always pays well for his errands, too. Jay had more presents than any boy on this block, and he deserved them all, too. For a nine-year-old he certainly is businesslike."

"It's no wonder," said Betty, "if he thas such nice customers. I wish that kind of people lived in our block."

But when they got home, what do you think happened? Old Mrs. Burton and Mr. Dick and all the rest of their patrons were so satisfied with Morris that they would not go back to Rob and Betty.

"Morris doesn't do the errands any better than you children did, and sometimes he forgets, but he's so nice and friendly," said one and all. "He always has a smile and a pleasant word, and those things count for a good deal when a person doesn't get to see many people."

Rob and Betty felt very sorry when they found out that it was because they were sulky and out of sorts that every one else seemed out of sorts, too; but they were honest enough to say that they never had made an effort to be pleasant, and had only done the errands becaues their parents sent them, so the case was not hopeless. Some boys and girls might have said, "Well, I don't care," and let the matter drop, but not Rob and Betty. They hunted up other elderly people to do errands for, and they were so cheery and pleasant that soon people liked them and spoke well of them. Once, when they went to visit Aunt Helen again, what do you think Rob said when he went with Jay to do errands? I'm sure you will not be surprised to hear it.

"You have some awful nice folks to do errands for, Jay," said he, "but you just ought to see my people, I tell you, they're the nicest, pleasantest folks you ever saw, and it's fun to work for them.I was sorry to go away and leave them, and they all said we should hurry back."—Hilda Richmond.

MRS. BED'S PARTY.

"Come, children, put away your playthings. It is time to get ready for the party."

Dotty pouted just a little, but Bobby put his soldiers away at once; their mother always made Mrs. Bed's parties seem very attractive.

"What shall I wear tonight?" That was always Dotty's question.

"You may wear the pretty white gown that I have just finished," answered her mother, with a smile,

Dotty clapped her hands. "Who will be at the party, mother?" asked Bobby. It was always the same people at every party, but the children were never tired of hearing their mother name the guests.

"Well, Mrs. Mattress will be there. She always helps Mrs. Bed make her guests happy and contented. As she is of a retiring nature, very little will be seen of her, but her presence, will be felt; then Mr. and Mrs. Sheet, who are always restful, will help receive; the Misses Pillow will come with their cousin, Mr. Bolster; the Misses Blanket will be there tonight; one of them has been away during the summer. As they are twins, you will not know one from the other, but you will not care; both are agreeable.

"Mr. Spread will be there early in the evening, but before the party begins he usually goes away with Mr. Footboard. It is the same way with Miss Counterpane. She helps during the day, but she never stays to the party; little girls like Dotty Dimple stay till the break of day."

Dotty and Bobby joyously followed their mother up the broad stairs to Mrs. Bed's party.—Helen M. Smith.

THE DESPISED SEED ONIONS.

"I've done setting out all the large ones, father," said Harry. "I'm going to throw all those little old things away —I've got the bed full."

The little old things Harry was speaking about were small onion sets. Harry lived in the country and had been helping his father in the garden by putting out the onion bed.

Mr. Byrd stood looking down at the small sets for a moment before replying.

"Looks like it's a shame to throw all these away just because they are little," he said at last. "If they were put out carefully and tended like the larger ones they would make a big, fine onions. Of course, they're troublesome to put out, but it seems to me they ought to have a chance to show what they could do in the way of growing. It just doesn't look right to throw them away because they are little.

Harry looked at his father, then looked down at the tiny onion sets.

"I guess I could rake up another bed for those, father," he said, slowly. "I didn't think about them wanting a chance to grow or anything like that."

"Suppose you do that," returned Mr. Byrd, "and whatever you raise you may have for your own, to sell or do what you please with.'

Harry looking at the slender little sets, had grave doubts about their growing into anything big enough to sell, but he made up his mind to give them a chance, so he set about to make the best bed for them that could be made by a small boy, and when it was finished he carefully put out the little onion sets—not one was thrown away. He was a very tired little boy when the last one had been planted, but his father came by and said it was a very fine-looking bed, indeed, and so Harry almost forgot how his knees and back hurt. He felt very proud of the work he had done, even if the little sets refused to come up and grow for him.

Six days later Harry went down to the garden one morning to see if there was any sign of growing things in his onion bed; there had been a warm, gentle spring rain during the night, and Harry gave a little cry as he looked. His onion bed was covered with tiny green shoots—not one little set had failed to come up. He ran back to tell his father the wonderful news.

"And will they keep growing, father?" he asked.

"If they are worked, they will," said Mr. Byrd, heartily.

"Then you may be sure they'll grow," answered Harry.

And they did grow, for never was an onion bed better tended.

There came a day when they were ready to be taken up. And when they were all up and measured, there were five bushels.

Harry's face fairly beamed with pride.

"Just think, father,' he said, "I was going to throw them away 'cause they were so little."

"Little opportunities, like little onions, often grow into big ones," returned Harry's father. "Always remember the lesson of the little onions, my son, and do not forget, among other things, that kind acts, however small they seem, may be seeds that will grow into something big and fine, so plant as many little seeds of kindness as you can." —Exchange.

BILLY'S GARDEN.

It was such a hot day! The flowers in the garden were hanging their heads with fatigue as they whispered to each other, "Oh, for a drink! If we only could get a drink!"

There was just a little breeze blowing round the gar-

den, but it only tossed the dust into their eyes, and made them feel worse than ever.

In the very middle of a little plot of ground bordered with carefully arranged pebbles grew a fine, white rose, who was holding her head very high and fluttering her leaves up and down in the flashing sunlight. This was Billy's very own garden, and here Daddy let him grow exactly what he chose. Round the edge Billy had planted lobelias in little bunches, because Nurse said the flowers just matched his eyes.

Billy thought the rose was the finest of all his flowers, and he often went to look at her, and to touch her soft, white petals. But—do you know—she nearly always pricked his fingers with her sharp thorns! I believe she did it just for spite, because she was such a very cross rose!

"Don't crowd round me so!" she exclaimed, peevishly, to the other flowers. "You are quite spoiling my foliage. It's just as hot for me as it is for you," she continued, as she gracefully bent her head to admire her fresh, green leaves.

"Oh, no! You're not so thirsty as we are," murmured a tiny red sweet pea, who was growing by her mother's side, "because Billy watered you only yesterday, and said you were the finest flower of us all." And she gazed at the other with envy.

"And so I am!" sniffed the big rose disdainfully. "Just look at my petals! See my leaves!"

"I wish Billy would water us, mother!" cried the little sweet pea. "But he'll never notice us."

"What! A common little thing like you?" echoed the rose. "I should just think not, indeed! Really, the impudence of some flowers in this garden is dreadful! You be quiet, if you please, and keep your place!"

But this was too much for the little sweet pea, who laid her head against her mother's stalk, and began to cry.

"Don't take any notice of her, dear," whispered a kind-hearted aster. "Everyone knows that she is fully-blown, and will soon drop off; and then she won't be able to quarrel with us any more," she added, comfortingly.

"Oh, shall I soon drop off?" snapped the rose, who was by this time thoroughly out of temper. "I'll bloom as long as any of you! You just wait and see! I'll—"

But she never finished her sentence, for just then the wind, which had been frolicking near her, blew round her leaves in glee, and the other flowers held their breath in suspense.

They watched her stem bend to and fro, to and fro, in the breeze, then—swish! Down dropped all her petals and the Queen of the Garden lay in a shattered heap on the path!

* * * * * * * *

Billy, who had just finished lessons, trotted down the garden, clasping his little green watering-can to his sailor blouse.

"My dear f'owers!" he whispered to himself, "they will be nearly faded with the sun. I'll just give them a dwink before I go in to tea."

Suddenly the little boy caught sight of the remains of the rose, which the breeze was idly tossing along.

"Oh, she's dropped! The biggest f'ower in all my garding!" he cried in dismay, and he bent down, tenderly gathering up the petals of his treasure.

Then, crossing over to his other flowers, he smiled down on them.

"You shall all have a dwink, dears!" he cried, emptying his little watering-can over them.

And the baby sweet pea smiled again!

—Norah Gilroy.

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